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NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR.

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what our brave men did here."  
[President Lincoln's Address, dedicating the Soldiers' Cemetery, at Gettysburg.]

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FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.

## SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Lo! Shenandoah from its source,  
And, northward, where it runs its course,  
Flows with a mournful murmur, on;  
Town-spires have vanished, one by one,  
They flash not in the setting sun,  
Nor catch the glow of dawn.

The reddened hoof of Battle, shod  
With thunder, through thy vale hath trod  
So often that nor song of bird,  
Nor pastoral music as of yore  
Is near thy mournful current heard  
Imbued with fratricidal gore:  
Hearths of once happy homes are cold,  
The shepherd finds no flock to fold;  
Away marauding bands have spurred  
Driving the last steer of the herd,  
And nought betokens even life  
Where raged the roar and rush of strife,  
Save, howling for the hand that fed,  
The watch-dog with his famished form,  
Or wanderer, in affliction bred,  
Without a place to lay his head,  
Or house him from the storm.

The smithy lies in ruin low,  
The bellows hath forgot to blow;  
Unstirred by bell-stroke is the air  
When Sabbath brings a call to prayer;  
Hushed is the clatter of the mill—  
The hum of Industry is still;  
A pall is o'er the hamlet thrown,  
Gray ashes mark its site alone;  
And grim with half-uncovered graves,  
Too thick to number like thy waves,  
Are fields of mortal conflict seen  
The wolf alluring from his lair  
To hold, with flocking ravens, there  
A carnival obscene.

Wyoming! valley, famed in song,  
Where Right waged war with lawless Wrong,  
Thou wert a region of delight,  
When o'er thy memorable fight,  
Compared with Shenandoah's vale  
Where every land-mark tells a tale  
Of ruin, woe and blight.  
Rich carpets, gilded picture-frames,  
Heir-looms that told of "Long Ago,"  
Gay Cavaliers, and courtly dames  
Were flung, rich fuel, to the flames  
While bivouacked the foe.

Where now the stately hall of Pride,  
The farm-house by the river-side?  
Where village church whose belfry tower  
Caught golden gleams at sunset hour?  
Charred ruins, and no mourner nigh,  
With a mute eloquence reply,  
And o'er depopulated plains  
The gloom of desolation reigns.

## THE SOLDIER'S LOVE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Since I have seen my darling May  
It seems a weary while;  
But war will end, and then no more  
I'll march in single file.

Friend Tom, you never saw my love,  
Or else you'd never cease  
To sing her praise; for, oh, she is  
A splendid little piece!

You would avow, all other maids  
She throws quite in the shade,  
If you could only see her once  
Come out on dress-parade.

Her downy cheeks are rosy red,  
Her hands are small and white,  
Her eyes are blue,—the colors, Tom,  
For which I'll ever fight!

Surrender was the word with me,  
Before such lovely charms;  
And when we marched, you should have seen  
How she presented arms!

Ah! when we wed, I pray that Fate  
For her sake will be kind,  
And in the ranks of happiness  
Will keep us well aligned.

For Tom, you know, old Care sometimes  
Plays many a wanton trick;  
And sends his imps—an awkward squad—  
Oft on the double-quick.

But, then, a noble woman's love!  
Though every hope be gone,  
Where will you look for such reserve  
As this to rally on?

For minor ills, why we will learn  
To fight them as they come;  
I'm sure I wouldn't mind at all,  
A little charge at home!

Oh! joy to go a-down the years,  
May's head upon my breast,—  
To bide in peace, till Captain Death  
Shall give the order "Rest!"

—[United States Service Magazine.]

## A DREAM.

The clock had just told the hour of eleven, when, sitting in my solitary apartment with my feet elevated at an angle of about forty-five degrees, I was pondering over the contents of the page I had just finished reading, my attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of innumerable footsteps. I advanced to a window which fronted the street, and by the aid of the light, which their lanterns emitted, observed a great crowd of people proceeding along the pavement. I continued to watch them, until they were concealed from view by turning a corner. I then resumed my seat. All was silent as death, save a watch which hung immediately in front of me; it, by its ticking, alone disturbed the sleeping deity of the place. The solemn stillness cast a melancholy shade over my mind, which was deepened by the gloominess of the apartment, that was only lighted by the faint rays of a candle expiring in the socket. My thoughts turned on the scene I had just witnessed. A question quickly presented itself: Whence this concourse of people? The answer was easily determined from the noise they made—the expressions they uttered, and the direction from which they came—they had been at the theatre and were returning home. This answered, another started up—what was their object in going there? To this my mind immediately responded—pleasure. My reflections then turned upon the vanity of resorting there for that purpose, and finally passed on to the vanity of the world in general in courting so capricious a mistress. In the midst of these reflections sleep insensibly stole over me. I dreamed I was in the middle of a vast extended plain, in which no hill rose nor mountain lifted its airy height, but its evenness was like that of the ocean when it rests untroubled by the wind. Over the farther end of this plain hung a most beautiful rainbow; the colors were the most striking and brilliant I had ever beheld. The sun was shining with unusual splendor—not a cloud was to be seen. I was therefore astonished at this phenomenon, for such I considered it to be. But my astonishment was greatly increased when turning my eyes from the bow towards the other end of the plain, I saw a vast concourse of people advancing in great haste. They appeared eager in the pursuit of some object. This I conjectured to be the rainbow, from the intenseness with which they gazed at it. My conjecture was right, for they came along the plain, neither turning to the right nor to the left, but keeping in a direction straight towards the bow. In this direction they continued running with great speed, until they came opposite where I was standing. I observed they were all covered with sweat and dust. Every one was striving to be foremost. To accomplish this they endeavored by every means in their power, often resorting to some foul expedient to retard those who were likely to overtake them. Though seemingly very friendly, they were quite the contrary, and if any one of them should chance to stumble or fall, none would lend him the least assistance in recovering his feet again, but all passed by him as if they observed him not. In this manner they pursued their course towards the rainbow, to which I now directed my eyes, when lo! phantom-like it moved before the crowd. Its movements, however, were very irregular; at one time it would appear almost stationary; at another it would fly off with the greatest rapidity. Its pursuers were often very near it; they then strained every nerve to reach it; it, however, always eluded them, and when they thought they had obtained the longed for prize, to their astonishment and mortification it would instantly flit itself to a considerable distance; yet not to their discouragement, for they bounded on to the chase with unabated ardor. When they had proceeded a great way along the plain, they came to a place I had not before taken notice of. This was a road that led to the right up a gentle ascent. The ascent was narrow compared with the plain, and did not exceed in breadth half a mile. On either side was a rugged precipice, over which, if any thing should be cast, it would not stop before it reached the plain. The road leading up this ascent passed through lands covered with verdure and fragrant flowers, and watered by beautiful rivulets here and there winding their courses with innumerable circulations. At the entrance of this road stood a youth of most prepossessing aspect. His countenance shone with more than human brightness. His arm was extended in a most becoming manner, and his attitude was that of earnest entreaty. In short, his whole appearance proclaimed him something more than human. He was a legate of the skies. When the crowd came where he was standing they stopped and gazed at him with admiration. He spoke, and with powerful eloquence exhibited to them the futility of the pursuit in which they were engaged; telling them it was only an apparition, and that they might spend years in the pursuit, they would be no nearer than when they started, declaring at the same time that if they continued it their destruction was inevitable. He then entreated them to give over the chase and enter the road, promising that by following it they would secure an infinitely better prize, viz: a bow, of which it was the reflection they were now pursuing. He pronounced these last words in a most bewitching and persuasive manner. His face

blazoned up with a very animating lustre. Who, thought I, can resist such melting words, such earnest invitations? Surely he, who bears so artless a countenance, will not endeavor to lead astray? These people cannot help but accept his invitation and take the way he directs. But whilst I thus mused, behold the greater part of the crowd set off with redoubled energy after the bow. They fancied that whilst their attention had been drawn away, it had acquired new beauties and desired the more to possess it.

They now turned their backs upon the stranger whose words at first had staggered their resolution. Like a stream which, swollen with fresh waters from the mountains, meets some impediment that only stops it, until it having acquired new strength from delay, bursts through and pours its angry floods in circling torrents on the plains below; so they, having overcome their momentary hesitation, bounded on to the chase with almost inconceivable rapidity. The few who had accepted the invitation of the stranger entered the road to the right, and proceeded with slow and even pace, he himself taking the van and encouraging them. In this manner they went forward until they had ascended the hill so far I could no longer see them. Those who were coursing the plain now took a turn to the left, and still continued to run with unabated speed. They had advanced a considerable distance when I observed before them an ocean rolling and foaming in a fearful manner. Wave propelling wave dashed against the shore with a noise I could distinctly hear, and retiring in circling undulations among the rocks, threw the spray high as the loftiest pines. Out of the ocean rose a black cloud, which in a short time entirely covered and brooded over it with Egyptian darkness. It cast a gloom over the land which extended to the place where I was standing. I concluded from appearances that a storm was approaching, and my conclusion was not wrong, for it moved towards the shore in a most awfully majestic manner, enveloping everything in darkness amid the horrors of its blackness; vanished the rainbow the sun, which was now setting, was covered from sight. But how can I describe the scene which followed. Those who had been in pursuit of the rainbow, when they saw the angry floods of a boisterous ocean before them, and a storm threatening universal destruction, were filled with horrible forebodings. But when that for which they had so far ventured was taken away from their sight, and the light of the sun shut out from their eyes they fell into the greatest agonies. Despair, which often inspires strength in distress and difficulties, had on them quite the contrary effect, and when they would retrace their steps, which they now attempted to do as the only means of escape, their nerves were wholly unstrung, and they could not move. Their case was now desperate. Dreadful was the confusion. The piercing cries of their grief vied in hideousness with the howlings of the wind that now lent its aid in rendering the scene more terrible, if possible. The storm at length having mustered all its forces burst on the heads of its victims. The lightnings flashed from pole to pole. The thunders rolled through the heavens. The earth seemed to nod from her very centre, and all creation appeared as if about to be dashed to atoms. Filled with fearful apprehensions of danger, I awoke.

## THE SOUTH AND HER PEOPLE.

The cessation of hostilities leaves the south in an anomalous and extraordinary condition. There is a territory, stretching over fourteen degrees of latitude and thirty degrees of longitude, containing a population of seven millions, and yet, if we except a part of Louisiana and Virginia, having scarcely a civil magistrate of any kind in all that broad domain. There are no courts of justice whose authority is recognized. Chaos has come again. Some time must elapse before the machinery of civil government can again be put in motion. We know not yet whom we can trust. A great deal of spurious loyalty will now come to the surface and loudly seek for office and favor and the privilege of guiding in the work of reconstruction. Care must be taken not to trust that kind of loyalty with power. Time is required to ascertain in whom confidence can be placed and what it is wisest for the general government to do and to abstain from doing. There is perhaps quite as much danger of doing too much as of doing too little. We want to leave to the several States the greatest liberty of action in reorganizing, consistently with the public safety. We want the loyal men of those States to determine and guide the policy, but they must see that a truly republican form of government is secured, and that the rights of every man, white or black, are put beyond peril. There need not be undue haste. The government of a large part of the South had better be, indeed must necessarily be for some time, essentially military. Pitched battles are ended, the rebel armies are disbanded. But there is a large hostile population still in the south, who must for a time be watched and guarded. No other than a military government can insure protection to life and property in certain parts of the south for some months. If that is very burdensome and distasteful to many of the hot-headed leaders, so much the better. Let them pack their trunks and start. A thousand prominent southern men and more could be

named, who could now in no other way confer so great a blessing upon their country as by leaving it. They will make mischief and trouble as long as they remain. We shall soon hear them complaining of the injustice of our government, and uttering their protests as loudly as though their past career gave them a claim to be heard. We sincerely hope that they will be disgusted, and set out for some country which they deem more worthy of them.

But we must all be patient and forbearing in our judgment of the government. It has now a most delicate and difficult work before it. To secure to the loyal men in the south the privileges and rights which they are entitled to exercise, and yet to prevent rebels from getting control of affairs, is a task which requires the highest political wisdom. It is not yet clear how it can be best accomplished. But we may hope that as a kind Providence has removed innumerable obstacles from our pathway during the war, it will now render easy what seems to be difficult. As with firm, true and trustful hearts we approach the barriers to our progress, we may find them vanishing before us, and the way to harmony and order opening bright and fair and inviting before us.

## SHERMAN'S MEN.

When our children, reviewing the great events of this crowning season of the war for the nation's life, shall discuss the "giants that were in these days," there will surely be no prouder title of honor found for any American than this, that his father was "one of Sherman's men." Upon all the brave soldiers who have fought under different commanders, and in different organizations, for the Union, a special task has been laid, and by all a special glory won. The Army of the Potomac, the armies of the Mississippi, all have done their work loyally and nobly. But it was the special fortune of the army of Sherman to strike at the heart of the rebellion in the most critical moment of the war; and the story of that magnificent march which began with the fall of Atlanta to culminate in the fall of Savannah and Charleston, and the surrender of Johnston, has a dramatic splendor, and a visibly decisive bearing upon the destinies of the war, which will insure to all who took part in it a particular hold upon the admiration, the gratitude and the affections of their countrymen. This is strikingly illustrated in the feeling with which the people now regard Gen. Sherman's straightforward and eminently unconventional way of calling to a sharp account the jealous and unjust men who tried to abuse their official station for the purpose of misrepresenting his conduct at the time of Johnston's surrender, and putting the hero of a hundred battles before his countrymen as an imbecile and a traitor. All men feel that this vehemence and directness of nature, which, yielding all deference to the candor and equity of a just President, insist upon bringing an unjust Secretary to the fruit of his own deeds, are precisely the qualities which carried their possessor, with army of heroes at his back, through the very center and core of the rebel States, down from the frowning Alleghenies to the friendly Atlantic. And as regiment by regiment, company by company, or soldier by soldier, "Sherman's men" pass through the loyal States and cities to their homes, they will everywhere be made to feel, in the spontaneous enthusiasm of the people, that republics are not ungrateful, but that the justice of the popular heart can at once atone for the forwardness and folly of individuals, and anticipate the permanent, glorious rewards of history.

## TEXAS.

Kirby Smith's resolve to surrender his army was probably hastened by the inclination of his soldiers to run away. It appears that for some time they have been deserting in great numbers. While the officers were drawing up resolutions never to lay down their arms, whatever might become of Lee's and Johnston's armies, the wiser privates were taking to their heels and coming into our lines in Arkansas. Gen. Jack Magruder, in his jolliest condition, would hardly wish to carry on the war without any soldiers to command. So that, notwithstanding his noisy speeches, he is probably ready to "simmer down."

Some of the rebels themselves will probably think it hard that Texas should have suffered from the war less than any other rebel State. She had no grievances. She lost no runaway slaves. On her had been lavished an enormous amount of public money. The government had involved itself in a war with Mexico on her account. It had guarded her extended frontier against the Indians at a great expense. There was a despicable meanness in her action, which fairly entitled her to as severe punishment as any other rebel State. Yet she has suffered but little. She has indeed sent some of her sons to die on eastern fields. But war has touched her with a light hand. She has raised her crops as usual. She has sold her beef to the rebel government, and sent her cotton to Matamoras. Many of her citizens have grown rich. It will be hard for her to give up her slaves. She will not easily conform to the new order of things. Our government will need to send a pretty large force into the State to preserve order and to guard the Mexican frontier.